

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
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ON THE DEATH OF A SUNDAY
SCHOOL PUPIL.

THE death of a child brings Heaven and its blessed inhabitants, the Father and the Saviour and the redeemed, peculiarly near to us. The presence of a little child in a house makes home more like Heaven, — and even when God has taken that little one to Himself, still that event only makes Heaven seem more like our home; we feel that we have another treasure there, and where our treasure is there will our heart be. How can we help being drawn upward by the death of these little ones to the invisible and heavenly world? We know whither they have gone. We know *who* has taken them. When Jesus was on earth, he took little children in his arms and blessed them, and said of such is the kingdom of Heaven; and since he has ascended into Heaven, does he not cherish the same affection for them? Is it not he who takes them when they are taken from us, and bears them to the everlasting arms of the Father? We are told that he takes the lambs in his arms like a good shepherd in those heavenly pastures above. And he himself is spoken of as the Lamb. It is said the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them to fountains of living waters. Even in Heaven he retains his childlike simplicity and sympathy. After his ascension the disciples spoke of him as the *holy child Jesus*. How touching and comforting is this association of Jesus with childhood!

The little boy to whom we say farewell to-day, — how suddenly he has been called away, and how short was his little day on earth! And yet let us not call such a death untimely for him. It is a touching thing to see how often, perhaps generally, those who are so early taken away show

a certain maturity, a brightness and ripeness, preparing them to pass upward. Last Sunday we missed our little pupil from the Sunday school, where he came with such eagerness and alacrity; the next day we heard that he had been promoted to that school above, in which his teachable mind will drink from the pure wells of truth at God's right hand. And not only is he a pupil there, but perhaps a teacher to those whom he leaves behind him here. It is a cheering thought, and I know nothing to contradict it, that the spirits of the departed become monitors and teachers to those who still dwell amidst the shadows of earth. One thing is certain, that the memory of a bright, simple-hearted little child speaks to every thoughtful mind of heavenly things; the going up of such a spirit to the Father of spirits speaks to us all of the beauty and the blessedness of a childlike mind, and admonishes us not only that without such a mind we cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven, but that if we have such a mind it *makes* heaven within as well as around us.

How many bright little spirits have been within the last few months caught up as it were in a cloud, to join the myriads of those whose names are written in Heaven! Ought it not to make life seem to us a more sacred thing, and Heaven seem nearer to us, and the ties that draw us upward to what is pure and true, and good and immortal, more and more strong, as we journey onward toward a world where so much of what has been most dear and precious to us is gathered?

WHEN you are afraid, you must think of the old saying, "When thou fearest, then God is nearest."

GIRL AND BIRD.

A GIRL with a kitten, in September; a girl with a dog, in October; a girl with a bird, in November, perhaps the prettiest of the three. No need to ask the question does Carlota love her bird; only kindness could win him to take seeds from her lips. Carlota is devoted to him. When given, her mother said, "You may keep this bird on two conditions. First, his cage, perches, seed-vessels, and bath-tub must be kept clean and in place; second, no amusement or engagement must prevent you from giving him his food and bath regularly, and in good season. The shrill note of a canary often jars on my nerves; but I will turn a deaf ear to it, in order that you may have the real pleasure there is in caring for so pretty and innocent a creature."

Carlota, good as her word, has been also thoughtful enough to throw a handkerchief over her bird's cage when her mother has a headache or is weary. Dick has proved himself a bird of parts. He swings gracefully in his ring, chews the string that fastens his cuttle-bone, with a zeal that does him honor. He perches on Carlota's shoulder, nestles in her hair, does more than his share in a duet, looks out of the corner of his eye as she talks bird-nonsense, and is altogether so attractive and yellow a puff-ball, so admirable as a feathered musical box, that Carlota leaves him unwillingly, and returns to him with a sort of rapture.

Will it last? we ask, as we watch the pretty meeting.

I go to the woods after nuts; if there are no nuts, I gather flowers or leaves; if all fail, yet I get health, a little woodcraft, or, by grace of Heaven, a thought. I am not of those who find that the road is only good to leave behind them.

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

GOOD-BY, good-by to summer!
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun.
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away, —
But Robin's here, with coat of brown,
And ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Red-breast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly,
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts.
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late, —
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Red-breast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do,
For pinching days are near?

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-sack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow, —
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Red-breast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer!
W. Allingham.

A LITTLE girl I know has a needlebook with two covers. On one is worked, with blue silk in tiny letters, *Forgive and Forget*; on the other, in crimson, *Bear and Forbear*. These two sentences are worth being written not in silk only, but in gold; and my young friend's book has more wisdom outside it than is to be found inside many printed volumes.

LUCY'S FUR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XIV.

Miss Betty's Visit.

WISH it would rain to-day," said Lucy.

"You surprise me," said Miss Anita, "I thought you liked being in the garden."

"So I do: but if your aunt, Miss Betty, comes to-day, we shall have to stay in; and it may rain to-morrow."

"Nothing but sickness would keep my aunt in the house at this season: she'll be the first to want to go to the garden."

"Is she pleasant?"

"I can't tell you how pleasant! One never feels stiff with her. And, as for being entertained, why she entertains herself the year round. Methuen is very quiet; and she lives alone."

"What made her move from Marblehead?"

"To be near my mother. Nothing else would have taken her from her native place. You should see my little brother and sisters run to her and hold to her gown, — then you'd know what she's like."

"I suppose she has a cat for company?"

"Her buff cat, old but healthy, disappeared last spring."

"How dull that must have made her! Isn't she afraid of robbers, or of having a fit, and no one to go for the doctor?"

"Here she comes to answer your questions."

Miss Betty's big bonnet taken off, we could see what an agreeable face she had. Not in the least tired by her journey, she was the one to propose going out-doors. Soon the procession started, she heading it, under an ample blue cotton umbrella, that she never travelled without, she said, and that attracted Mount's curiosity.

"It was made for my father by a Marblehead sailor, and you see how neatly the different woods are put in the handle."

Miss Betty was charmed with the view of the ocean from the piazza, and of the hills from the garden. The horses, the pig, had a "good morning" from her (the cows were out at pasture); and, as for the Whisker family, even shy Chin-chilla rubbed up against her.

"What a number of cats!" said Miss Betty: "can't you spare me one, my dear?"

"They're not mine," replied Lucy, glad for once, I think, that we belonged to the barn.

Then she led Miss Betty to the pansy bed, to draw her attention from Chin-chilla. I was allowed to follow. And a sudden thought filled me with joy: What if Miss Betty was destined to be my Mayor Whittington!

"Tab has grown fond of that big woman all in a minute," whispered Mount to Lucy.

"I have too. I think I would make her a visit, if she asked me."

When they returned to the house, Miss Anita complained of a headache, and feared there was thunder in the air.

"I don't know where you'll find it," cried Dr. Clive: "there's not a cloud in the sky."

The dinner of fish, chickens, and fresh vegetables, well cooked and nicely served, was eaten with relish; but, in the midst of the cherry pudding, came a sharp flash and loud clap. Dr. Clive ordered Miss Anita and Lucy to take off their steel hoops, remarking Miss Betty was a sensible woman for not wearing one. He told Susan to close every window, and place chairs for the ladies in the centre of the saloon, away from draughts, windows,

chimneys. But Miss Anita grew so faint she was obliged to lie down on the sofa.

I am afraid of thunder too, and hid under the sofa, bemoaning my fate in no dinner and no chicken-bones.

The storm lasted for hours. Miss Betty was not allowed to knit, or to tell Mount about James. At seven there was a fearful stroke, and, for a moment, the saloon seemed on fire. Lucy (who, when her grandfather left the room, started from her chair) happened to be under the bell-wire, was struck, and fell to the floor. Luckily, Miss Betty did not lose her head, but threw a pitcher of water over her, and then carried her to bed. A doctor was sent for; for Dr. Clive no longer prescribed for any one. But, after the first shock, Lucy felt no ill effect, save a red stripe down her right side.

"All ready for the State's prison," said Miss Betty, smiling; "but that's better than being printed with a tree, as a friend of mine was in Marblehead, because she happened to be near a tree in a thunder-storm."

Miss Betty had a kind word even for me: "Don't look so scared, pussy; come out, the storm is over."

She inspired Dr. Clive with as much respect as a lightning-rod, which, he said, should be instantly attached to the chimneys; though Miss Betty assured him his lofty trees were as good lightning-rods as he could buy.

The doctor was so much pleased with his visitor that he told her his favorite anecdote.

"One day," said he, "I'd just waked from a nap, and I thought to myself, What if I should see an elephant coming down Harmony Hill? I looked up, and, behold! marching along was a large elephant, followed by a smaller one. Their keeper was

waving off with a stick the horses on the road."

"The queerest elephant story I ever heard," said Miss Betty. "Where do you suppose, sir, these animals came from?"

"Probably they were the advance guard of a menagerie on its way to the city. But nothing now I could see on the road would surprise me."

"I wish I'd been there to see," cried Mount.

"Would it have been safe for me?" asked Lucy, smiling.

Miss Anita knew why. Lucy had a silly way of trying to make people stare by using big words. One day she said, "That robin looks as pert as an elephant."

"What a poor comparison!" rebuked Miss Anita: "think of the difference in size,—and an elephant is too grave to be pert. The other day you said you were as tired as an elephant. That was not quite so bad, as an elephant is a beast of burden; but how should you know how tired he is? You must break yourself of such expressions, or no sensible person will heed your words. Aunt Betty broke me of saying 'monstrous': I had no idea it was my most frequent word."

"How funny! I never say monstrous."

"Elephant is as bad. And using these inappropriate words shows not only a want of sense, but a want of truth."

CHAPTER XV.

Tab in Methuen.

DR. CLIVE was up bright and early the next morning to send for a mason to repair the damaged chimney, and to order lightning-rods. There were to be "rods in pickle" to save Clive House, as well as its heir.

Lucy, almost herself again, really enjoyed describing her sensations on being struck to her little friends, who called to inquire for her health, full of curiosity about the shock.

"Why, you look just the same," they said.

"Did you think she'd look like a tree?" asked Miss Betty.

"*She's* pleasant," they whispered to Lucy.

"Yes; and don't you wish you were going to make her a visit, as I am to-morrow? And you must bid Tab good-by, poor Tab! for she is going for good and all."

Yes, it was true. I had found my Whittington at last! Lucy would not part with Chinchilla. For even Miss Betty had been attracted by Chinchilla's pretty fur, and forgot for a moment that beauty is but skin deep. As for Caprille, Anita had given her aunt a hint of the memorable fit; so Miss Betty would have nothing to do with her, for her buff cat once had a fit. Dr. Clive would have rejoiced if the barn had been cleared of cats. But, as he thought a cat a very sorry present to go home with, he ordered the gardener to fill a basket with the choicest fruit, and to take Miss Betty's order for the cuttings and seeds she fancied for the next spring.

The barn did not seem to me so dismal now I was to leave it. Not a creature jeered at me that last day. By moonlight I crept up the ladder to take a last look at the loft. The snoring of the rats did not provoke me. I was hearing it for the last time.

Caprille and Chinchilla lifted their paws in parting. Mrs. Dinah marked time with hers,—a pretty trick of kittenhood she had not lost. Mrs. Whisker's rheumatism may have kept her out of sight; or my going may have painfully reminded her

that not only Mr. Black Cat, but other cats, never return.

"I fear we shall let the cat out of the bag," said Miss Betty, laughing. "I think, sir, if you will trust me with a second basket, Mrs. Tab will be more secure."

She little knew that I would have trotted between the wheels of the chaise of my own accord.

"You have not forgotten any thing, Lucy?" asked Miss Anita.

"Not even Tab," cried Miss Betty; "and we can't have more than the cat and her skin."

I had no appetite for my bun, the chaise bounced so badly; but at last I fell asleep, managing to mew when Lucy called me by name.

I found that Miss Betty's house was as neat and as big as an old-fashioned band-box. As she opened the windows, the air poured in sweet and fresh, but with no smell of the sea. "Here's my old cat's pewter saucer," said she to Lucy; "fill it to the rim. I expect her to provide her own meat."

Didn't Lucy and I run wild that week? for I soon got over feeling like a cat in a strange garret. Such funny cupboards! I stepped timidly on the kitchen floor only the first night; for, though it was as white as the kitchen tables at Clive House, Miss Betty did not cry *s'cat* at a dusty footprint. No: cosily stretching myself, as if I had always known what it was to be a petted *house* cat, before the smouldering fire, I purred a happy echo to Miss Betty's and Lucy's evening talks.

Miss Betty told about being a child in Marblehead; and how Anita's mother and she were all that were left of their once large family; and that Anita was glad to earn some money, for they were poor enough at home.

When Lucy and I looked out the garret window to see what Methuen was like, she regretted that berries were not ripe, and wondered at the number of bushes. I missed the sea, and made up my mind that Methuen black cats, when they ran away, took to the woods.

Lucy was terribly disappointed that Miss Anita's little brothers and sisters had been taken down with the whooping-cough; and she did not smile when Miss Betty said that Dr. Clive would not thank her if she sent Lucy home "barking."

"If I'm struck with lightning when I get home, what shall I do without you, Aunt Betty?"

"I never heard of any one being struck twice. And you'll have Anita with you. There is no human being near me in thunderstorms."

"Don't you quake when the rattling thunder comes?"

"Sometimes. But then I say to myself a sudden death is painless, and I shall be at once in the presence of my Heavenly Father. And I try to occupy myself, and get ready for the children; for, if the storm is soon over, their mother lets them run over and help me make a tea-cake."

"Now you'll have Tab in the storms."

"Yes; and a cat is very good company. Here's a scrap in my work-basket about one: 'A vessel was wrecked. A boat's crew, that went to assist, searched the ship through; not a human being was found on board. A fire, however, was burning in the cabin grate, and before it sat a cat, quietly licking her paws. Instinct had guided her better than man's sense, of which he is often so proud.'"

"Will the children treat Tab well?"

"I fear they will spoil her with kindness, so she will not make a good mouser."

"Don't the children dirty your floor?"

"Sometimes. But soap is cheap, and water for the pumping. James is the only one of the children who does mischief on purpose; and James, I am happy to say, is going to sea. His mother has, at last, consented."

DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

At the time when the celebrated Dr. Franklin lay upon his death-bed, he was visited by a young man who had a great respect for his judgment in all things; and having entertained doubts as to the truth of the Scriptures, he thought that this awful period afforded a suitable opportunity of consulting the Doctor on this important subject. Accordingly, he introduced it in a solemn and weighty manner, inquiring of Franklin what were his sentiments as to the truth of the Scriptures. On the question being put, although in a weak state, and near his decease, he replied, "Young man, my advice to you is that you cultivate an acquaintance with, and a firm belief in, the Holy Scriptures; this is your certain interest."

OLD DUTCH PROVERBS.

WE must row with the oars we have; and, as we cannot order the wind, we are obliged to sail with the wind that God gives.

Patience and attention will bring us far. If a cat watches long enough at the mouse-nest, the mouse shall not escape.

Fools always will ask what time it is, but the wise know their time.

Grind while the wind is fair; and, if you neglect, do not complain of God's providence.

He that lags behind in a road where many are driving always will be in a cloud of dust.

WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

OUR Fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand, —
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and thee,
To thank thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by thy design,
The Fathers spake that word of thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth, our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good-will;
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For Art and Labor met in truce,
For Beauty made the bride of Use,
We thank thee; while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save, —
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

Oh, make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of Freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

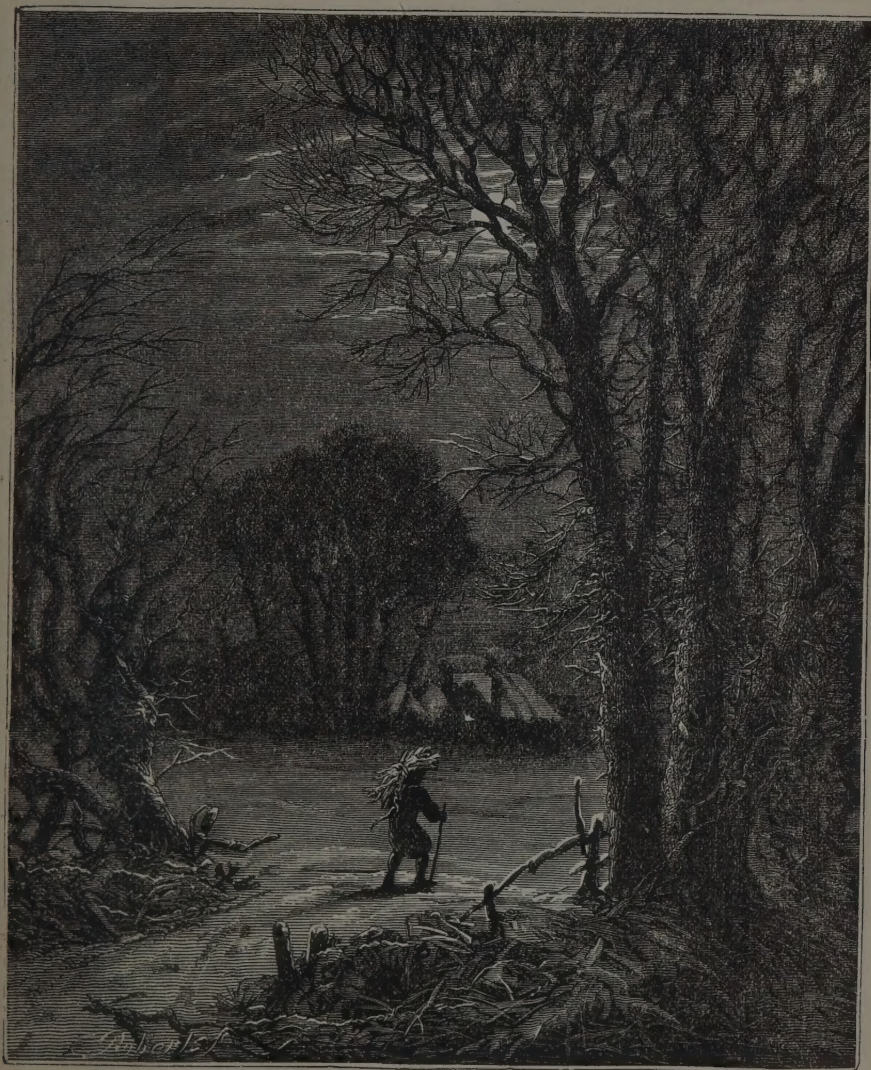
EVER and again there stand up men in whose heart God's voice sounds clearer, who tower above other men in insight, love, and piety, and by their faith give mankind a fresh impulse forward. These are "the children of the promise," for the world is blessed by them, and others must make way for them.

OLD PETER'S NOVEMBER.

THE sun seems to take *his* excursions at this season, so rarely is his face seen. But to-day the "great and glorious" peers through the naked branches, which have a beauty of their own, though stripped of their graceful summer clothing, and in the lighter twigs form a drapery against the sky that reminds of sea-weed.

Nature and man are preparing for the winter. The farmers are piling dried leaves around their houses, mending hinges to barn-doors, providing bedding for cattle. Apples are barrelled and crook-necked squashes hung from the beams. Brush is gathered in handy piles to fire the old-fashioned brick oven.

Old Peter is bending under the fagots, which seem to burn quicker and weigh heavier than when he was young. It is with an effort that he rises from his chair, and leaves the fire and the soothing pipe for the chilly outward air. He has to remind himself that rheumatism would be worse, and that he is lucky to share a wood-lot, and that the good Father, who cares for the robin which just crossed his path, cares also for him. He wonders if the robin, like himself, has lost his mate. His thoughts wander to the bright June day when he first saw his Mary, for he who forgets what happened yesterday does not forget the modest grace with which she took his hand as he helped her over the stile, or the blush that out-bloomed the roses. Well, Mary being gone makes him more willing to go, makes him more patient with sister Hannah's decided ways. Somehow Hannah forgets he is ten years older and twenty years weaker than herself. No wonder the old man wishes summer instead of winter were coming, that he might smoke his pipe in peace in the grateful sun, under the quiet sky.



OLD PETER'S NOVEMBER.

THE OLD BOSTON ELM.

A VERY sad event occurred not long ago, which will be remembered by many thousands in connection with this centennial year. During the high wind on Tuesday evening, February 15, the famous "Old Elm Tree" on Boston Common, close by the renowned "Frog Pond," was blown down. This sad event, not only the people in Boston, but multitudes in all parts of the country, will regret.

The old elm is historic. It is almost as much associated with the history of our city and our country as are our great men who have fallen.

The age of this venerable tree is not certainly known. It has towered aloft for more than two hundred and fifty years. It was grown in 1722, and is supposed to have existed before the settlement of Boston. It has been cherished and protected with almost as much veneration and care as if it had been one of our Pilgrim Fathers.

In 1854, it was enclosed with an iron fence.

It was a beautiful and majestic tree. In 1855, according to an accurate measurement by the city engineer, it was seventy-two feet and six inches in height, twenty-two feet and six inches in circumference one foot above the ground, and the average diameter of the greatest extent of branches one hundred and one feet.

This elm has often suffered the loss of large branches in the severe tempests by which it has been assailed. These branches have been carefully gathered up by the curious, and made into various forms, to be preserved as relics of the olden time, as no doubt all its immense form, now prostrated, will be.

This old tree has witnessed all the stirr-

ing events that have occurred ever since the Pilgrims first began to settle here. Tradition says witches were hung from its branches in 1656 and 1659. Under its shadow the Sons of Liberty used to gather during our Revolutionary struggle; and, on occasions of rejoicing, its branches were illuminated with lanterns.

But its end has come, and the mighty has fallen, and the place that once knew it shall know it no more for ever; and so it will, ere long, be said even of the great and mighty among men.

God foretells, through his prophet, of the time when "as the days of a tree shall be the days of his people." But there is no man upon the earth now living, whose days are as the days of this renowned tree that has now succumbed to the tempest.

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

HENRY CRABBE ROBINSON, of Cambridge, who was a friend of the poets, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and himself celebrated as a 'letter-writer, one day called at a friend's house. He found the family very busy making up a parcel to send to one of the children, who was away at school. A little girl, about six years old, was playing about the room. Mr. Robinson called her to him, when the following conversation took place, which may give my readers a hint or two on the important subject of letter-writing:—

"Well, Lizzie," said Mr. R., "every one seems to be sending something to Tommy; why don't you put in a letter?"

"Oh," said Lizzie, "I should like to very much, but you know I can't write."

"Shall I write for you?" asked Mr. R.

"Oh, yes, please do!"

"Very well, bring me pen, ink, and

paper; but remember it is *your* letter, and you must tell me what to say."

"I don't know any thing."

"Well, let me see," began Mr. R.

"Dear Tommy, you will be surprised to hear that last night our house was burnt down to the ground.' Will that do?"

"Oh, no! don't say that, because it isn't true."

"I see you have learnt something about letter-writing: always remember through life never to put any thing in a letter that is not *quite true*. Well, shall I say this: 'The kitten has been playing with her tail for the last quarter of an hour'?"

"Oh, no, not that."

"Why not? I am sure that is true: I have seen it myself."

"Yes, but Tommy would not care to hear that."

"So," said Mr. R., "we must be careful that what we say is not only true, but *worth writing*, too. Now, shall I say, 'You will be glad to hear that Sam has quite recovered from the small-pox'?"

"Oh, yes, that will do nicely!"

"Why should I put that more than the other things?"

"Oh, because Tommy is very fond of Sam, and I'm sure he will care to hear that."

"Well, what shall we put next? 'Little brother has been very naughty, and will not say his lessons'?"

"No, not that!"

"I see you know how to write a letter very well, indeed."

Will my readers try to remember these three things whenever they write letters?

1. To be careful that what they say is quite true.

2. That it is worth telling, and likely to interest the person to whom they are writing.

3. That they are not saying any thing that would be unkind to any one.

MAGGIE.
Early Days.

WHEN NOT TO LAUGH.

UNLESS you want to be set down as vulgar, don't laugh at peoples' mistakes or misfortunes. There's a time to laugh: but when your schoolmate has slipped down on the ice and is hurt, perhaps; or, by accident, the fruit-stand at the corner is overturned, and the poor man's oranges and apples are scattered in the mud; or some lover of a very low quality of fun has pinned a ticket "For Sale" on a person's back as he walks the street; or an absent-minded lady, thinking more of the poor she is going to visit than of herself, has gone out with one boot and one slipper on; or a near-sighted person, whom you never saw before, addresses you as Jane or John, and cordially inquires after your grandma, when you haven't any; or the new boarder next door, in a block of a dozen houses all precisely alike, walks familiarly into your hall, and comes to a dead stop on the stairs; or the bashful student comes awkwardly upon the platform, and breaks down in an attempt to declaim; or the same sort of sensitive youth, through extreme diffidence, commits in company the very error he was trying to avoid; or whenever any thing trying or humbling happens to any person, — that is not the time to laugh. It is not your time to laugh, if you do by others as you would be done by. If you are the person laughed at in any such case, consider that, at least, you are a great deal better off than those who laugh at you. The too bashful girl or boy almost always turns out better than the too bold. The people who are always right side out in

looks and dress and style are not necessarily, by any means, the best or the brightest. Nothing more surely indicates good breeding and a large heart than not seeming to notice a blunder, whether of friend or stranger; unless it is by a word or simple act of kindness to show sympathy or render assistance, when this can spare the feelings or lighten a misfortune.

Selected.

HOW JOHNNY ATE HIS BREAKFAST.

JOHNNY sat in his high chair at the breakfast-table, with a napkin pinned around his neck. Before him was his cup of bread and milk, his little spoon and knife and fork, and his tin A-B-C plate, on which lay some buttered toast and mashed potato and beefsteak cut fine. But Johnny was full of fun and noise; he didn't want to eat just yet; he wanted to drum against the table with his feet; he wanted to slide out of his chair; he wanted to reach all over the table, and to put his fork into papa's coffee.

"Come, come! eat your nice breakfast, Johnny!" said papa. But Johnny didn't want to. Time enough yet for all that. Just now he was busy pounding the salt-cellar with a napkin-ring.

"Pretty noise! pretty noise!" he exclaimed, joyously, and away went the napkin-ring over his head as a climax.

"Nappin-ring! Nappin-ring!" he began to call out then until somebody picked it up again for him, and after that he was busy for a long time trying to make his fork stand up in it.

Meanwhile, the others were finishing their breakfast, and the nice toast and beefsteak were getting cold, but Johnny didn't realize and didn't care. He wished they would give him the caster to play with, and let him shake the pepper-box.

At last mamma thought she must interfere. Ought she to have scolded her little boy, and hurried him? She did not want to make a great black cloud sweep across his happy little sky, but she did want him to eat his breakfast. So what do you suppose she did? She took the little fork and spoon, and played they were errand-boys.

The fork took up a bit of toast and rapped against the plate.

"Who's there, and what do you want?" asked mamma.

"I'm little Master Fork," was the answer: "and I've come to put a piece of toast in Johnny Bennet's mouth."

"Oh, then, walk right in!" said mamma.

Johnny looked and laughed, and opened his little rosy mouth wide, so Master Fork could put the toast

in. Then the spoon rapped on the cup.

"Who's that?" asked mamma.

"I'm little Master Spoon."

"Oh, how do you do? And what do you want?"

"I've come to put some bread and milk in Johnny Bennet's mouth."

"Walk right up then," said mamma; and Johnny opened his mouth wider than before, and thought it was such fun to have Master Spoon bring him bread and milk.

Then Master Fork trotted back and forth, and rapped every time he came with a bit of beefsteak, or toast, or potato; and, whenever he stopped to rest, little Master Spoon started up, and brought bread and milk.

It was very entertaining. Johnny sat still and behaved beautifully, only he laughed every time he saw a mouthful coming. By and by the toast was all gone, and then so was the beefsteak, and next there was no more mashed potato. Finally there was not even an atom of bread and milk left in the cup, and Master Spoon and Master Fork lay down to rest.

Johnny had eaten his breakfast.

M. L. B. Branch, in Christian Union.

It was a pretty Norse custom, the children approaching the parents after a meal with the words, "Thanks for the food."

A HOUSE-GAME IN PARIS.

ONE afternoon Fanny and Robert had a grand frolic with the little ones and Marie. They played at being travellers in Switzerland, climbing mountains, and walking on glaciers; tying themselves together, with long strings round their waists, and taking sticks in their hands (canes or umbrellas), as "make-believe" alpenstocks; Robert and Fanny going first, and pretending to stride over crevasses and walk along precipices, while the others held back, and imitated all their motions, little Nellie stretching her legs to try to take as long steps as the others. They climbed over the furniture wherever Marie would let them, and made noises and echoes when they were in Robert's room, which was the farthest from the parlor.

Then they played at being Swiss people, in a *chalet* upon a green Alp, where the cows and goats are driven in summer; and Marie showed them how to pretend to make cheese, and to "jodel," which is a kind of mountain singing that can be heard a long way off, and which Swiss people use to call each other, and to their cattle.

Then they played that they were French people at a *café*, sitting at two tables, Robert at one, and

Fanny, Nellie, and Marie at another; and little Charlie was the waiter, whom they kept ordering about all the time.

"Garçon, deux cafés."

"Oui, madame."

"Garçon, une glace."

"Oui, madame."

"Garçon, un café."

"Oui, monsieur;" and Charlie ran backwards and forwards all the time, bowing and smiling.

"Garçon, verre d'eau," said little Nellie; and, "Oui, mademoiselle, tout suite," answered Charlie, both in their broken French.

"Garçon, le journal."

"Oui, monsieur."

Then the tired little *garçon* had to get his money, and make change.

"An American Family in Paris."

COSEY CORNER.

You ask how one could help complaining of the weather last July. Perhaps we could not be on our guard at all times in that extreme heat; but I believe those bore it best who said least about it. I think there is sin in complaint of the weather. It is of God's disposal, and for man's submission. It shows want of reverence to the Disposer of the weather to rail at it. We cannot alter it, and it is our duty to make the best of it. Did it ever occur to you that the weather that would be agreeable to you might not suit another? The farmer wants rain for his crops, you want sunshine for your picnic.

One way to avoid railing at the weather

is to avoid talking about it. Empty-headed people catch at the weather, as at a straw to save them from drowning. The only time it is worth while to talk of the weather is when it is fine: then let the words loose, and be as enthusiastic as you please. But, with plenty of croakers when it is bad, there are few hearty praisers when it is good.

If you ask, "What shall I talk about with a stranger? I feel so very awkward," I can sympathize with you. I remember when I left school, at the age of seventeen, and went into company, as it was called, I felt very sheepish, my eyes seemed to glare, and my mouth to stiffen, as if every new acquaintance was reading my soul, and all eyes in the room were on poor, unfortunate me. Well, only time can give ease; but to relieve embarrassment I should say, Plunge in!

In sea-bathing, if you try to avoid the shock by taking the water in instalments, an inch at a time, you only get a chill. Do not be the shy bird that gingerly dips his beak in the unknown cup, but plunge in. Then you will rise rosy, exhilarated from the shock.

So, in writing a letter, how apt one is to prose about health or the weather, instead of rushing into what one really cares about, what is vexing or pleasing him. Do you not like a story that tells about a few persons, and keeps to them, letting grandparents, aunts, uncles, and fiftieth cousins alone? How hard it is to write composition on Envy and Emulation, for instance, but how easy to tell about your visit to the seashore, or going berrying, or base-ball, or how you planned your garden, filled your money-box, collected your shells, labelled your minerals, or any other of your countless schemes!

So my advice is, when you write, when you speak, keep to what really interests you, only taking care not to weary your listener, who wants his chance to talk as well.

TEACHINGS OF THE TREES.

LINES FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

WHAT pleasanter place for a picnic can be
Than a shady green lawn by the marge of the sea?
And what pleasanter time, than when summer's
last blaze

Is changed to cool splendor in autumn's first days?
A spirit of thoughtful tranquillity broods
O'er the sea and the sky and the whispering woods.
The "whispering" woods, — for there are "tongues
in trees," —

They catch and interpret the voice of the breeze.
The leaves have an almost articulate tone;
They sigh in the gale, — in the tempest they moan;
They quiver with joy in the morning's fresh beam,
They breathe a farewell to the daylight's last gleam;
A spirit mysterious seems lodged in the leaves,
A heart that can feel, — that rejoices and grieves;
And oft has the thought been borne in upon me,
That a soul almost human resides in a tree.

When the trees in their play toss their branches
abroad,

They seem like half-conscious live creatures of God.
How like living creatures they beckon and glance!
How they flutter with glee, as in sunlight they
dance!

As you walked through the woods, have you noticed
what grace,

Like a soul of fine manners, pervaded the place?
As they frolicked and gamboled in merriest play,
How each branch to his brother politely gave way?
As, bending and waving, they swept to and fro,
How all the twigs nodded above and below?
As if they should say, each to each: Brother dear,
Oh, is it not happy, the life we live here?
Sometimes, as I follow their movements, I say,
Like worship itself seems their innocent play;
And when I pass by them, they gracefully bend,
And familiarly bow, as if greeting a friend.
God's trees, — what a sweet benediction they breathe
On the head of the wayfarer passing beneath!
Their motherly arms, in the noontide's fierce heat,
Bend down o'er the pilgrim who rests at their feet;
And a dreamy, sweet music they breathe in his ear,
As if an invisible angel were near.

O children, believe and revere and rejoice!
The woods have a life and a soul and a voice!
That mystical murmur that sounds through the trees
Is the voice of the spirit of God in the breeze.

To-day it invites us with message how sweet
To this shady and breezy and wave-washed retreat!
In Nature's pure pleasures He bids us take part,
That freshen the spirit and gladden the heart,
And help us, as children of Nature, to be
In the house of the Father calm, cheerful, and free.

Learn, children of Heaven, from the trees of the
wood

A patient, contentful, and reverent mood.
Though the skies be o'ercast, let your courage fail
not;

Like them, learn with calmness to stand in your lot;
With your feet firm on earth, and your face to the
sky,

In trust and in hope watch the storm-wind sweep by;
And if sorrow should come, with its winter-like chill,
Then look at the trees that stand leafless and still,
And patiently wait for the coming of spring,
When the birds in their branches in sunshine shall
sing.

Oh, are not these trees, too, the trees of the Lord?
A pure, holy priesthood, they utter His word.
In the trees of the garden His spirit goes forth,
As, in the world's morning, He walked on the earth.
And could we but walk in the spirit abroad,
With the holy child Jesus, the pure Son of God,
The voice of the Lord would be heard in the breeze,
And His angels still talk with our souls in the trees;
Sweet peace from His presence our spirits would fill,
And earth bloom around us a Paradise still.

C. T. B.

Newport, Sept. 6, 1876.

THE SUNSHINE.

GABRIELLE, in a scarlet frock and white
apron, sat on the carpet by her mother,
trying to brush the sunshine with a tiny
broom into a miniature dustpan, and then
solding because she could not make it
stay. Pleyel laughed, and his mother
said, —

"It is like our life: we catch at the
sunshine, but it eludes us. It plays where
it will, and as it will; and we cannot
control it."

"But it plays about us still, mother;
and we need not hold it to enjoy it."

A Child's Story.

A SONGLESS PEOPLE.

A RECENT traveller says : " What always impresses me more than any thing else in Egypt and Palestine has been the entire absence of cheerful or exhilarating music, especially from children. You never hear them singing in the huts. I never heard a song that deserves the name in the streets or houses of Jerusalem. One heavy burden of voiceless sadness rests upon that forsaken land. The daughters of music have been brought low. The mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth."

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. What we all come to, and a god.
2. A game of chance.
3. A vehicle, and a term of endearment.
4. What the rats do in the garret.
5. All the rage (among the ladies).
6. One who does not pay his way.
7. What we all must kick.
8. Such a long distance!
9. Trying to pass in driving.
10. The work of an insect.
11. One of a pair of twins.
12. A kind of pigeon.
13. A siesta and a relative.
14. A sneeze, and something we could not live without.
15. A word used to gain information and to join.
16. A protection.
17. Used in every kitchen, a shady nook, and a cane.
18. What the mammas are busy making.
19. A vacuum, and what we did at dinner.
20. A hard thing to swallow, and not high.
21. A corkscrew.
22. What it is easy to do.
23. A chloride, and a dark place.
24. To push, and a part of a house.
25. To wander from one place to another.
26. An insect.
27. A covering for the feet.
28. A beverage, and a girl's name.

29. A division in the bed of a stream.
 30. What lovers do.
 31. Not mine, but—
 32. To swear, something to eat, and part of a house.
 33. A dangerous place for ships to fix up, and mistakes.
 34. To make no noise, and a sprite.
 35. Something to drink from, and building materials.
 36. A covering, and a shade.
 37. A place for flowers.
 38. A boy's nickname, and a lock of hair.
 39. A circular vessel, and to stir.
 40. A garment, and a term of respect.
 41. A "yaller dog," and an English historian.
 42. A kind of flax, a measure, and a machine of torture.
 43. Islands off the coast of Florida.
 44. A piece of cookery, a girl's name, and an exclamation.
 45. A French tribe, and a French conjunction.
 46. The cry of an animal, not well, and bolt upright.
 47. A tin vessel, a letter, and a kind of bird.
 48. An inflammable fluid, and a staple article.
 49. A vehicle, a pronoun, and a snare.
 50. Something to eat, and the noise of an animal.
- Evening Gazette.

Puzzles.

ANSWER TO "BOSTON PARADOX."

Equestrian Statue of General Washington on Boston Common.

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